DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND LITERATURE.

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CHRISTUS CONSOLATOR.

"It is recorded of Thorwaldsen that in modelling his great statue of Christ, which now stands in the "Lady Church" of Copenhagen, he had striven to gain the requisite expression of benignity by making the hands upraised as if for benediction. The effect of the attitude was sublime, conjoined as it was with the compassionate sweetness of the kingly countenance; but the soul of the sculptor was not satisfied. At last, as if by a sudden flash of genius, he depressed the arms of the clay model into a posture of yearning entreaty; and so the statue was wrought; standing now grandly in its niche, facing the spectator as he enters the church, with the sculptured forms of the apostles on either side—an image to every hushed beholder of the Redeemer's appeal, in perfect sympathy conjoined with royal might, to the woe-stricken race of men.

To the great artist was surely vouchsafed a glimpse of the truth revealed to that Evangelist whose commission it was especially to set forth Christ the King. A civil servant of imperial Rome, the tax-collector of Capernaum, threw up his functions to own a mightier Master than the emperor whose officer he had been. But before that decisive moment in the history of the publican Matthew, he had witnessed a sight which his own vivid touch and that of his after-comrade Peter have made immortal, and of which he was afterwards to discern the deepest meaning. The scene was the *door* of the abode where the Prophet of Nazareth had been resting after a Sabbath spent in sacred ministry. The sun had just set; but in the fading light His form appeared, the centre of an eager expectant throng. There were the sick lying on their pallets; there was the shout of demoniac frenzy. But the presence of the mighty Healer diffused life and calm. In wondering joy "the whole city was gathered at the door." Capernaum was exalted unto heaven!

Such was the outward aspect of the scene. But to the quickened insight of the Evangelist, it became in his remembrance a revelation, not only of Divine power, but of perfect sympathy. To describe it he adopts a prophet's words; "Himself took our infirmities and bore our sicknesses." That he took them away was only part of His work of love. He took them upon himself; he bore their load.

The wonderful thing connected with the prophet's words is that they are quoted by both the comrade-disciples, but in different senses, each completing the meaning of the other. For St. Peter writes that Christ "His own self bore our sins in his body on the tree." Thus the Apostle speaks of "sins" where the Evangelist speaks of "sicknesses"; and the ancient prophecy sets forth the Son of Man as alike the bearer of human sorrow and of human guilt.

For a moment we pass by the grander and more solemn part of the revelation, and ask how he could bear our sicknesses. The answer, we repeat, is, By his perfect sympathy. By actual experience he probably knew nothing of them. The "fairest of the sons of men" was undoubtedly as free from physical as from moral weakness. No languor dimmed that beaming eye; no bodily taint impaired the health of that glorious manhood. Yet, as with the outstretched hand of love, he takes upon him the infirmity, and becomes as one with those whom He came to heal. This too was essential to the complete manifestation of his love. For, as the beautiful word compassion proves, he who would help any sufferer most effectually must in a sense identify himself with that sufferer's case, feeling with him, not only for him, as commonplace kindness might do.

[*From Thorwaldsen's Statue in the Frue Kirche, Copenhagen.*

"Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

But at best there are three great limitations of human sympathy, all of which we must abstract in thought if we would rightly understand how the Divine Master "took upon him" our infirmities.

First of all: we cannot wholly throw off self even in our kindness to others. Here is the key to many mysteries, and in particular to this, that there is so much beneficence in the world that fails to elicit a return of love. It is gracious condescension—it is generous help; but the true sympathy is wanting. The benefactor does not "give himself with the gift." We have seen recipients of true kindness absolutely perplexed by the consciousness that their gratitude is so cold. The secret has been that the superiority of the helper has been made too apparent. His symbol has been the statue with uplifted arms, not that with the outstretched hand.

Then, secondly: may it not sometimes be the case that sympathy, in our weak human nature, if allowed free course, would become so keen and exquisite as actually to interfere with our power to aid? Excess of emotion defeats its own end. The eye dimmed with tears cannot clearly see how to remove the evil; the throbbings of the heart give tremulousness to the helper's hand. Thus in some cases, at least, of dealing with disease it is necessary not to be too sympathetic that the physician or surgeon may preserve a perfect calm. He must

repress his feelings—put them away, if he can—and look at the case with a searching, steady, scientific eye. Strong feeling would becloud his judgment, perhaps misdirect his hand.

And, thirdly, we find it impossible in any adequate way to sympathize with many or with all. The mind becomes bewildered in the attempt. One sufferer's woe is more potent to thrill the heart than the distresses of thousands or the calamities of a nation.

It is Christ alone who can bear the stress of a sympathy at once universal and exquisitely tender. As he surveys the suppliant throng that surrounds him, he makes every case of need and sorrow perfectly his own. No multiplicity distracts him, no anguish overwhelms him. Feeling with every sufferer more intensely than the most pitying friend, he can aid more effectually than the most skilled physician. When the "evil spirit" rends the demoniac it is as if Jesus feels the curse; when the burning throb of fever wastes the frame it is as if the agony were his. Yet is he calm and strong to help. He "cast out the spirits with a word"—a word that never trembled with the emotion that nevertheless thrilled his whole being: He "healed the sick," not by the cold, resistless fiat of mere Omnipotence, but by the power of a love which identified the sufferer with himself, and made it impossible for the mortal weakness to linger in the presence of the Lord of Life. In perfect sympathy and perfect power, he proves himself at once the Son of Man, the Son of God.

Yet, in this relationship with our humanity, the sympathy and power were not all. Behind the physical evil there was a darker shadow, into which also the Son of Man must enter. For, with a clearness all his own, he could trace the connection between human weakness and human guilt, and read the awfulness of sin in the sufferings of the sinner. To redeem from sorrow and disease was but the smaller part of his work, in comparison with the greater redemption from spiritual evil. For even to ourselves the most grievous part of every scene of misery is its revelation of that darker stain. It is this that saddens the watcher by many a sick-bed, or gives unutterable pain to the visitor to the outcast poor or to the hospital ward. It is not only the suffering, but the dark evil in the background, of which this is but the result—the intemperance, the lust, the disregard of Divine and human law, bequeathing their fatal consequences from generation to generation. Herein is the true darkness of the human lot, into which Christ had entered, that he might realize it, make it his own, bear its burden—yes, enter into its awful curse, that he might take it away. The Son of Man was also the Sin-bearer, and even while he wrought these deeds of pitying love the great Atonement was already begun. He "bore our infirmities" because he "bore our sins."

That burden it is not for us to estimate. We can but dimly conjecture what it may have been. When, among ourselves, the heart is almost broken in sympathetic agony for the sin and shame of some one tenderly beloved; when royal David cries, "O Absalom, my son, my son, would God I had died for thee! O Absalom, my son!"—not indeed because Absalom had died, but because he had died in rebellion, shame, and despair—then indeed we may begin to conceive what our sins are to him who loves us with more than a brother's, more than a father's love, who from the height of his own purity can best measure the depth into which our nature has fallen, and in the light of his perfect holiness can estimate, as we never can, the darkness of transgression.

The thought seemed ever with him, even when proceeding to achieve his greatest triumphs. In those works of love and might we do not see him advancing, as we could have anticipated, with step elate and kindling eye. Rather do we find this: "He looked up to heaven and sighed," before he uttered his mighty *Ephphatha*! And by the grave where Lazarus lay sleeping "Jesus wept," although he knew himself so strong to save, and was there to wipe all other mourners' tears away! Surely the sorrow was chiefly in the thought of that which had closed the lips, had sealed the sepulchre—of sin, that infinitely hateful thing which he had come to "put away," but only "by the sacrifice of himself." Yes, the effects might be removed, but the cause would remain. The ears of the deaf might be unstopped, the tongue of the dumb might sing, the cave of Bethany might yield its sheeted dead; but never would the evil be wholly removed until, with deeper agony, a mightier work of love had been performed; and he who amid his tears divinely cries, "Lazarus, come forth!" should, amid a more mysterious sorrow, proclaim from the Cross a more transcendent victory.

"I cannot understand the woe
Which thou wast pleased to bear,
O dying Lamb! I only know
That all my hopes are there."

And thus he takes, that he may take away, our sin. He "healed them all." Does he not still stand, kingly in his majesty, yet imploring in his love, before the children of men? The miracles that attended his earthly life constitute together a parable of redemption. Our sin is leprosy, he heals it; it is disease, he removes the infection; it is hunger and thirst, he supplies the need; its is possession by foul spirits, he casts them out; it is paralysis, he imparts new power; it is the wild tossing of a storm until he says, Peace, be still! it is the silence and corruption of death until he gives life. There is not a deed of power or of love but he performs it to-day as in the days of old.

These are his triumphs; and we who would now follow him, may well above all things seek to learn the lesson of his love; finding the inspiration of all noble efforts for our fellow-men in the words "for Christ's sake;" "for whom Christ died."
—*S.G.N. in Sunday at Home*

HOW TO START A TEMPERANCE SCHOOL.

BY JULIA COLEMAN.

Begin by collecting the most telling facts you can about the danger that children are in from the prevalence of the saloon and the indulgence of the drinking habit; the schemes of the saloon-keepers for catching the children and youth, and the importance of fortifying them against these trappers.

Then, pencil and subscription book in hand, ask your friends what they will do about it.

You need a hall or meeting-room of some kind, with suitable furniture and a musical instrument, and books, papers, charts and teachers. Call on everybody to do or give something.

Procure specimens for an outfit, and set your prospective superintendent to studying them up. Give out attractive cards or leaflets to the children, and when everything is ready have the invitations to the children to come to the school read in every church and Sunday-school of your city. Do not be content with sending your announcements to the pastors and superintendents, but go yourself, and, laying your plans before them, urge their co-operation.

Work your plans up thoroughly. Perhaps the best and most widely successful of these schools are those carried on in the form of an ordinary Sunday-school, with classes and teachers.

A little pamphlet called "The Temperance School" was circulated freely some years ago and was instrumental in starting a number of such schools.

If you cannot establish such a school on a large scale, then begin with a few, say with your own Sunday-school class. This has been done to the delight of the scholars as well as of the teachers, and these small beginnings have frequently grown into large schools.

The plan is well worth trying, even though the school be kept up only a few months, for the children may gain a knowledge even in that short time which shall save them, and perhaps their families, from the blighting effects of liquor.

The school should be bright, lively and attractive, and care should be exercised to impart sound and thorough instruction. We can not do our work by flying flags and blowing trumpets. The people need to be instructed concerning the deceitful beverages, or they will continue to be snared by them in the future as in the past.—*New York Witness.*

THE ABSENT TEACHER.

DEAR SIR: You have been absent from your Sunday-school class many times during the past fifty-two weeks. If you had only been absent once or twice, or if you had made a strenuous effort to provide a substitute when absent, I would have no message to send you; but you are one of those teachers who come when you feel like it, and stay away when you feel inclined, and yet who never offer to resign, so that a more faithful man may be found to take your place.

You are a tribulation to the superintendent,—a rock of offence to the school, and a stumbling-block to every young Christian. I speak strongly; for you are a hard case, and soft words would be wasted on you. I am forced to believe, from your actions, that no motive sufficiently high influences you as a teacher. You are not spasmodic and uncertain in your business; you are found at your work promptly on Monday morning, and every other morning,—you are rarely afflicted with a cold so grievous that you cannot make a day's wage. What, then, can we conclude, except that the inducement is not strong enough to bring you regularly to Sunday-school,—you will do more for money than you will for the love of the Lord and the young people whom he has given you to look after in your class? You have no more right to be absent from your class than the minister has to be absent without substitute from his pulpit on Sunday. The fact that he gets a salary, and you do not, has nothing to do with the case. When you took the class, you virtually agreed to teach it, not once in a while, but every Sunday.

In the hope that this will have more effect on you in print than it has had personally, I sign myself your faithful superintendent, D. G.
—*From the Worker's Monthly of London.*

SCHOLAR'S NOTES.

(From Westminster Question Book.)

LESSON XI.—DECEMBER 14, 1890.

JESUS MADE KNOWN.—Luke 24:28-43.

COMMIT TO MEMORY VS. 36-40.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"And their eyes were opened, and they knew him."

HOME READINGS.

M. Luke 24:28-43.—Jesus made Known.
T. John 20:19-31.—Thomas Convinced.
W. Acts 2:22-41.—"Whom God hath Raised Up."
Th. Rom. 8:1-17.—*By His Spirit that Dwelleth in You.*
F. Gal. 2:16-21.—"Christ Liveth in Me."
S. 2 Tim. 2:1-15.—"We Shall Live with Him."
S. Rom. 14:1-12.—Lord Both of the Dead and Living.

LESSON PLAN.

I. Made Known at Emmaus. vs. 28-32.
II. Made Known to Simon. vs. 33-35.
III. Made Known to the Disciples. vs. 36-43.

TIME.—A.D. 30, Sunday, April 9; Tiberius Cæsar emperor of Rome; Pontius Pilate governor of Judea; Herod Antipas governor of Galilee and Peræa.

PLACE.—Jerusalem.

HELP IN STUDYING THE LESSON.

V. 28. *Made as though*—acted as though; not in dissimulation, for he would have gone on his way if they had not urged him to stay. *If you* would have Christ's presence, pray for it. V. 31. *Their eyes were opened*—the influence that prevented them from knowing him was removed. V. 33. *The same hour*—probably leaving the meal untouched. *The eleven*—the apostles; Thomas was absent. (See parallel account in John 20.) V. 34. *The Lord is risen indeed*—the accent rests on *indeed*; they had half hoped so before, but had now good evidence. *Hath appeared to Simon*—1 Cor. 15:4-8. No particulars of this appearance are recorded. V. 36. *Stood in the midst of them*—a sudden, miraculous appearance corresponding to the disappearance in verse 31. V. 37. *A spirit*—a ghost; a departed spirit returned in the semblance of a body. V. 39. *Handle me, and see*—he gives them full proof of the reality of his bodily presence by permitting them to touch his person, and also by eating before them. (Compare John 21:12, 13; Acts 10:41; I John 1:1.)

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—What was the subject of the last lesson? Give an outline of it. Title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses?

I. MADE KNOWN AT EMMAUS. vs. 28-32.—To what village did the two disciples and Jesus draw nigh? What did Jesus do? How did they cause him to stop with them? How may we have Jesus abide with us? John 14:23. What took place at the table? How was Jesus made known to them What became of him? What did they say to each other.

II. MADE KNOWN TO SIMON. vs. 33-35.—What did the two disciples hasten to do? What did they find? What joyful announcement did the apostles make? Where else is this appearance to Simon mentioned? What did the two disciples tell? How was Jesus made know to them?

III. MADE KNOWN TO THE DISCIPLES. vs. 36-43 What took place as they were speaking? What did Jesus say to them? What was the effect upon them? What did they take him to be? What did he say to them? How did he offer to convince them? What did he then do? What effect had all this upon them? What did he call for? What did they give him? What did he do with it? What proof would this furnish them?

WHAT HAVE I LEARNED?

1. That Christ will not abide with us unless we make him welcome.
2. That if we would have him with us we must pray for his presence.
3. That if we earnestly pray for his presence he will ever abide in our hearts and homes and churches.
4. That Jesus still lives to give peace to all who seek it.

QUESTIONS FOR REVIEW.

1. What did the two disciples do when they came to Emmaus? Ans. They constrained Jesus to abide with them.
2. What took place as Jesus broke bread and gave it to them? Ans. Their eyes were opened, and they knew him, and he vanished out of their sight.
3. What did they at once do? Ans. They rose up and returned to Jerusalem.
4. What did the assembled apostles say to them? Ans. The Lord is risen indeed, and hath appeared to Simon.
5. What took place while they were thus speaking? Ans. Jesus himself stood in the midst of them, and said, Peace be unto you.

LESSON XII.—DECEMBER 21, 1890.

JESUS' PARTING WORDS.—Luke 24:44-53.

COMMIT TO MEMORY VS. 45-48.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"If I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto myself."—John 14:3.

HOME READINGS.

M. John 21:1-14.—At the Sea of Tiberias.
T. John 21:15-25.—Peter Recommissioned.
W. Luke 24:44-53.—Jesus' Parting Words.
Th. Matt. 28:16-20.—*The Great Commission.*
F. Acts 1:1-14.—The Ascension.
S. *Psalm* 24:1-12.—The King of Glory.
S. Acts 9:1-20.—Jesus Appears to Saul.

LESSON PLAN.

I. The Disciples Instructed. vs. 44-48.
II. The Spirit Promised. v. 49.
III. The Ascension. vs. 50-53.

TIME.—A.D. 30, Sunday evening, April 9, and Thursday, May 18; Tiberius Cæsar emperor of Rome; Pontius Pilate governor of Judea; Herod Antipas governor of Galilee and Peræa.

PLACE.—The Mount of Olives, near Bethany.

OPENING WORDS.

Forty days after his resurrection Jesus ascended into heaven. During those forty days he frequently showed himself to his disciples. Ten of these appearances are recorded: 1. To Mary Magdalene. Mark 16:9; John 20:14. 2. To the women returning from the sepulchre. Matt. 28:9, 10. 3. To Peter. Luke 24:34; 1 Cor. 15:5. 4. To two disciples going to Emmaus. Luke 24:13-25. Lessons XI., XII. 5. To the apostles, excepting Thomas. John 20:19-25; Luke 24:36-49. 6. To the apostles, including Thomas. John 20:26-29. 7. To seven of the apostles at the Sea of Tiberias. John 21:1-24. 8. To the eleven apostles and five hundred brethren on a mountain in Galilee. Matt. 28:16-20; 1 Cor. 15:6. 9. To James. 1 Cor. 15:7. 10. To the apostles, at his ascension. Mark 16:19, 20; Luke 24:50-53; Acts 1:3-12. Verses 44-49 of this lesson were spoken at his fifth appearance. Luke then passes over the events of the intervening forty days, and records only his final appearance and ascension into heaven.

HELP IN STUDYING THE LESSON.

V. 44. *These are the words*—the meaning of the words. (See Matt. 16:21; Luke 18:31.) *The law ... the prophets ... the Psalms*—the common Jewish division of the Scriptures. V. 45. *Opened he their understanding*—spiritual things can only be spiritually discerned. 1 Cor. 2:10-13; Psalm 119:18. V. 46. Revised Version, "Thus it is written, that the Christ should suffer." Isa 53; Psalm 22; Dan. 9:26. V. 47. *Repentance*—Catechism Question 87. *Remission*—Catechism Question 33; 1 John 1:12. *Among all nations*—Gentiles as well as Jews. Mark 16:15. *Beginning at Jerusalem*—Isa. 2:3; Micah 4:2. V. 49. *The promise of my Father*—that they should receive the Holy Ghost. V. 50. *He led them out*—at the end of forty days. Acts 1:3. *As far as to Bethany*—Revised Version, "Until they were over against Bethany."

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—What was the subject of the last lesson? Title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses?

I. THE DISCIPLES INSTRUCTED, vs 44-48.—What did Jesus say to his disciples? When had he spoken to them of these things? Mark 10:33; Luke 18:23. How had the events fulfilled his predictions? What did he then do? What are some of the prophecies concerning Christ? What should be preached in his name? To whom is the gospel to be preached? Of what is every Christian a witness?

II. THE SPIRIT PROMISED. vs. 49.—What promise is here given? Why was it needed? How was it fulfilled? Act 2:1-4. What followed the gift of this power? Acts 2:41.

III. THE ASCENSION. vs. 50-53.—Whither did Jesus lead the disciples? What did he do? Describe his ascension? (See Acts 1:9.) How long was this after the resurrection? What did the disciples do? What cause had they for praising God?

WHAT HAVE I LEARNED?

1. That the Old Testament testifies of Christ and is fulfilled in him.
2. That it is only in his name that our sins can be forgiven.
3. That he has commanded his gospel to be preached to all nations.
4. That we must send it to those who have it not.
5. That we should love Christ, give ourselves to him, rejoice in him and wait for the fulfilment of his promises.

QUESTIONS FOR REVIEW.

1. What did Jesus explain to the disciples? Ans. The teachings of the Scriptures concerning himself.
2. What did he command them to preach in his name? Ans. Repentance and remission of sins.
3. To whom were they to preach? Ans. Among all nations, beginning at Jerusalem.
4. What did he promise them? Ans. Ye shall be endued with power from on high.
5. What took place forty days after his resurrection? Ans. While he blessed them he was parted from them and carried up into heaven.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

YOUNG WOMEN AS BREAD-WINNERS.

It may as well be accepted as a fact that the young woman has entered the lists as a bread-winner. Sometimes urged by a desire for greater independence, sometimes pushed forward by the stern hand of necessity,—whatever be the cause, it is evident that she is bound to make a place for herself among the wage-earners. The great question that presents itself is, will she make a worthy place for herself, or will she be content with the lowest and most poorly paid positions, into which the inevitable competition with her brothers who have so long occupied the field will push her?

Kate Tannatt Wood, in a suggestive article in a recent *Chautauquan*, declares that the greatest cause for the frequent failure of young women is that they do not half fit themselves for their work, that they are too much inclined to desire "small duties and large wages." In speaking of the type-writing industry, which offers so inviting a field to many of our girls, she says:

"Our type-writing schools are sending out numbers of girls who are, in many cases, absolutely unfitted for work. Most professional men and women would like to employ a competent assistant, but competent persons seldom need a position. The majority attend a school for a short term. Some have no knowledge of grammar, and are absolutely ignorant of the principles of rhetoric or punctuation; these girls have taken one course only at a type-writing school; they know the key-board of a Remington, a Caligraph, a Hammond, or a National, and that is all; they expect you to furnish brains, lack of previous education, and often to spell for them. An editor of large experience in a New England city, found only one girl out of twenty-four who could spell properly, punctuate, or who knew how to paragraph; yet every one of the twenty-four expected to receive eight or ten dollars per week at once."

"No man of sense offers to make a coat for a clergyman, unless he is a tailor; no woman of brain desires to teach school, unless she has prepared herself as a teacher; no man is audacious enough to demand a position as a book-keeper, unless he understands keeping books."

"False estimates of work should not be countenanced. A girl who might make a good cook aspires to be a poor, inferior clerk; one who has a talent for making dresses essays to write poems for the papers, and after seeing her sickly rhyme in print in some obscure paper, becomes at once convinced that literature is her forte, and utterly fails in it. There is no phase of labor which is not honorable and capable of being made higher and better by skilled workmen."

We have quoted thus at length because we believe that these weighty words of wisdom should be pondered by every girl in America who has her own way to make in the world, and we cannot do better than to close with another sentence from the same author:—

"The young women of America are capable of great things. All limitations of sex are fast disappearing. 'To the victors belong the spoils,' whether it be in the college, or in the work of the world; but failure must write itself in large letters upon the efforts of all who dare to assume high duties without careful preparation."—*Golden Rule.*

HOW TO SPEND MONEY.

There are very many people who do not know how to spend money, unless by spending one means simply to get rid of it. To spend wisely is another thing, and one in which parents would do well to educate their children. It is quite a distinct science from that of saving, for one may know how to save—that is, to accumulate—and yet not know how to spend to the best advantage. Many women when they go shopping bear out the truth of this assertion. They may have been having money for months for this very occasion, but when they get home find that they have nothing to show for their money. They are dazzled by the display in the show windows, and buy first one thing and then another, until there is nothing left in the purse wherewith to purchase the more needed articles. To avoid this decide before you set out just what you want, and be sure that you really want just that thing, and nothing else. The quantities of inexpensive and useless finery exhibited in some of our large metropolitan stores is sufficient proof that there is a market for such things. If we were educated in spending there would be small demand for cheap laces and embroideries that wear out with two or three washings, and that are never ornamental. This evil, however, will remedy itself, for, as women learn how to earn, they will show more wisdom in spending, and when they become mothers will teach the art to their children.

ABOUT THE HEARTH.

Every housekeeper knows how important it is to keep the refrigerator clean. We always wash the shelves and ice-racks in soap, ammonia and water. Vinegar and water will remove every stain from the zinc.

Ammonia, by the way, is invaluable for household purposes. Here are a few of the uses to which it is put:

If the color has been taken out of silks by fruit stains, ammonia will usually restore the color.

To brighten carpets, wipe them with warm water in which has been poured a few drops of ammonia.

One or two tablespoonfuls of ammonia added to a pail of water will clean windows a great deal better than soap.

A few drops in a cup of warm water will remove spots from paintings and chromos.

Keep silver and nickel ornaments and mounts bright by rubbing with woollen cloths saturated in spirits of ammonia.

Grease spots may be taken out with weak ammonia in water; lay white paper over and iron with a hot iron.

Equal parts of ammonia and turpentine will take paint out of clothing. If it be hard and dry, saturate the spot as often as necessary and wash out in soap-suds.

Put a teaspoonful of ammonia in a quart of water, wash your brushes and combs in this, and all grease and dirt will disappear.

Flannels and blankets may be soaked in a pail of water containing one tablespoonful of ammonia and a little suds. Rub as little as possible, and they will be white and clean and will not shrink.

In using yelks of eggs, it must be remembered that a broken egg must be closely covered in the dish in which it is kept until desired for use.

Always serve oysters in hot dishes. Cook the oysters only until they curl. If cooked too long they are indigestible.—*Waverly Magazine.*

SELF-ABNEGATION AMONG WOMEN.

BY MRS. KATE TANNATT WOODS.

The servile attentions rendered by women in some families have tended to increase the selfish exactions of men who might otherwise have been a comfort to themselves and a delight to their associates.

It was recently said of a prominent and eloquent divine "that he was a superior pastor, an eloquent preacher, a fine scholar, and a most entertaining social companion, but a perfect tyrant in his home."

A very little investigation proved that his failing was the result of the care given him by the women of his family. His grandmother waited upon him in babyhood, his mother when a lad, and his sisters while in college. Later, when married life brought increased cares, he had become so imbued with the idea that some woman must be continually serving him, that life was a burden to his immediate family. Without intending to be tyrannical, he is a tyrant.

A young woman of my acquaintance had one brother to whom she was deeply attached, and in a spirit of generous self-sacrifice she determined to loan him the small sum which came to her from her father's estate, in order to give him a collegiate education. She desired to attend college herself, to continue her musical studies, and to fit herself for a life of usefulness. She thought, and the brother agreed with her, that only one of them could enjoy a liberal education, and he was that one. The sister studied dressmaking, and not only supported herself, but constantly aided the brother, meeting all his demands upon her slender purse, and rendering herself happy with the prospect of his future career and his meagre words of praise.

The end of all those years of self-sacrifice is briefly told. The brother married as soon as his degree was obtained, and now lives in comfort, practising his profession, while the sister still toils on day by day, and is alluded to as a "cranky old maid."

It would be well for us as a people if such cases were rare, but, alas! every mail brings us stories even more pitiful, and every day we find some good woman whose talents have been buried in a selfish, ungrateful heart.

It is a well-known fact that the wives of certain eminent politicians are compelled to practise the most rigid economy in order to permit their husbands to make a good appearance among men.

The woman of the future will be wiser. She will not toil at the tub to send her boy to college, but will realize that the lad worthy of a college education is far too manly to secure it through her privations. She will feel more than now her personal responsibility and the need of self-culture. If "the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world," she will understand the possibilities of the head controlling the hand.

She will aid men to become nobler, grander, and more godlike through her own superiority and liberal training. She will be man's "guide, philosopher, and friend," his solace in affliction, his constant joy, his beloved companion, and in the words of Goethe, "eternally womanly."—*Harper's Bazar.*

SUNLIGHT AND HEALTH.

Most people are afraid of sunlight. The direct rays of the sun, when not excessively hot, are no doubt very beneficial, and a few thoughtful persons always try to get on the sunny side of the street. Most persons would suppose that the outside light is two or three times as strong as that within our houses. But the difference is vastly greater. Carefully prepared tables show that (in the words of "Health") for a view at the seashore, comprising sea and sky mainly (with a lens and plate of a certain speed), an exposure of one-tenth of a second is sufficient. An open landscape, away from the sea would, with the same lens, the same aperture, and the same plate, require one-third of a second. A fairly lighted interior would require two and a half minutes, while a badly lighted interior, such as rooms which most ladies prefer to occupy, would require half an hour to obtain an equally good picture. In other words, patients strolling on the seashore in sunny weather are in a light not two or three times, but eighteen thousand times stronger, than that in the ordinary shaded and curtained rooms of a city house; and the same patients walking along the sunny side of a street are receiving more than five thousand times as much of the health-giving influence of light as they would receive indoors in the usual heavily curtained rooms.—*Selected.*

USEFUL SWEEPING APRON.

I saw a few days since a new idea for a sweeping or dusting apron. It was made of unbleached muslin. There was a hem down each side to about eighteen inches from the top, fastened on the upper edge with a brier stitch of yellow silk. Each lower corner of the apron was turned over at right angles, meeting in the center. The hem around these corners was finished with the silk brier stitching also. The point in the centre at the bottom was turned up and secured with the stitching. Across the top there was a hem an inch and a half in width and through this a yellow satin ribbon was passed with long ends for strings. One can imagine the comfort and saving of time by finding the soft dust-cloth and pair of old gloves always in place in one of the pockets.—*Housewife.*

A KITCHEN SACQUE.

All good housekeepers know the value of a large-sized apron for use in the kitchen. For some years I have used another and as necessary a part of the kitchen outfit, namely, a kitchen sacque; a calico sacque fitted loosely over my dress, that I can put on, when I am dressed for the afternoon, if I have to go in the kitchen, as one so often has to do with the "help" we have nowadays. It is buttoned up the front closely to the neck, and the sleeves have bands at the wrists. I find that it will keep out the smell of the grease that will saturate a woollen dress, when one has to spend any time cooking on the stove and range. This, with a large kitchen apron, gives one a complete coat of mail; and then when my work is finished I slip off the sacque and apron, and, presto! I am dressed again for the parlor or company, and with so little trouble. I would not be without the sacque for many times the cost and trouble of making it.—*Kansas City (Mo.) Arrow.*

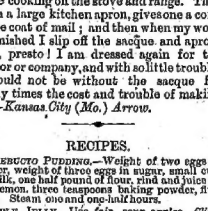
RECIPES.

CREOUTO PUDDING.—Weight of two eggs in butter, weight of three eggs in sugar, small cup of milk, one half pound of flour, rind and juice of one lemon, three teaspoons baking powder, five eggs. Steam one and one-half hours.

APPLE JELLY.—Use fair, sour apples. Slice them, skins, seeds and all, and simmer with one-half a cup of water till well cooked and soft. Then strain through a cloth, add a pound of sugar to a pint of juice, boil a few moments, skimming till clear; then pour into glasses, and cover when cold.

PUZZLES—No. 23.

RIMLESS WHEEL AND HUB.



1 to 9. A gold or silver lace.
2 to 10. To revive.
3 to 11. Shrubbery.
4 to 12. A city and part of France.
5 to 13. An edict of a sovereign prince.
6 to 14. An expounder of the Jewish law.
7 to 15. A sofa.
8 to 16. To contract or draw up.
Perimeter of Wheel.—Pleasant places to visit in October.

The Hub.—The name of a kind of fruit found in those places. CYRIL DEANE.

SQUARE WORD.

A piece of land.
Clothed.
A hostile invasion.
A whirlpool.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

A precious stone; possessed by none;
A tax; a garment worn by some;
Majestic; one of the muses nine;
A bank; a fleet of vessels fine;
Marine; to utter with musical sound;
A structure that inside and outside is round;
A heavenly body; brilliant in hue;
A man to his country and trust untrue.

The primal letters will give the name
Of a writer of history, know to fame;
The final letters, if read aright,
Will bring the date of his birth to sight.

BIOGRAPHICAL ANAGRAM.

A Matchund by the name of Draghero was born at Trademort, Oct. 28, 1467. He became a noted scholar, and in accordance with the fashion of that day he changed his name into its Titan and Kcreg equivalents, Sudireedis Sarsume, meaning aldrock, volbeed, bamilce. His parents died when he was but a boy, and his guardians placed him in a star money. But he was released from his monastic vows by a Stinoleon pin from the Pope. He aided the Intra of Rome by his writings, but he was too timid to come out boldly in favor of Roman subjotes. He was very fond of kobos, and when poor and in need of thogilne, he said, "When I get some money, I shall buy kobos, and when I get more money, I shall buy thoglne. L. P.

ANSWER TO PUZZLES No 21.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.—The statue of the Olympian Jupiter.

SQUARES.—

No. 1.	No. 2.
T W I S T	S P O R T
W A T E R	P O L A R
I T A L Y	O L I V E
S E L L S	R A V E S
T R Y S T	T R E S S

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—

C A T
O ODNI H
O D E
P EAR S
E TE P
R UB Y

CHARADE.—1. Fair. 2. Y. 3. Land. Whole: Fairyland.

HIDDEN TREES. 1. Pine 2. Ash. 3. Maple. 4. Willow. 5. Elm. 6. Cedar. 7. Apple.

PUZZLERS' CHAT.

All readers are invited to send puzzles to this column. Puzzles should be marked "original" and should be accompanied with the answer.

IN the west the sun was setting.
Baby watched it—she and I,
Sitting by the nursery window,
Waiting for our rock-a-bye.

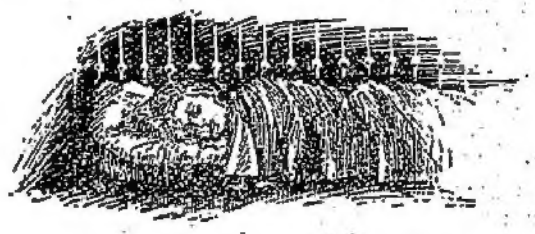
Baby's eyes were big and drowsy,
Sand-man called an hour ago,
Still the little lady pleaded
Just to "see the sunshine go."

So we waited—Baby watching
All the wonder in the skies,
While *I* watched as eagerly
The dearer wonder in her eyes.

By-and-by the glory vanished,
Then my "wee bit" woman said:
"*Now*, I tired, Mamma,—wock me,
All ve sunshine's goed to bed."

Sweetheart! to be sure I rocked her,
Cuddling close the sleepy head,
Till the blue eyes locked their fringes-
Then *my* sunshine went to bed

A. M. H. D.



BROTHER GOOD-HEART SLOW-TO-MOVE'S VISION.

BY REV. ERNEST G. WESLEY.

One bright Sabbath afternoon, after a very hearty dinner, Brother Slow-to-move remarked to his wife:

"Charity, you and the children can, if you wish, go to the Second Church this evening; but I think I shall walk over to the Beech Avenue Church."

Mrs. Slow-to-move was her husband's exact opposite, an energetic, whole-souled, earnest woman; often, it must be confessed, annoyed, frequently hindered, at times discouraged, and occasionally just a trifle irritated by her husband's slowness to see the necessity of prompt action in various fields which did not especially interest him, particularly so in the mission field. Suspecting the cause of the remark, and with her natural shrewdness too wise to suggest any special motive for his proposed absence from the evening service, she answered:

"Why not come with us to our own church, husband?"

"Because the elder announced a missionary meeting for to-night. I can't see why in the universe he should bother us about the cannibals and Hottentots and Fiji islanders whom none of us are ever likely to see; I think we have heathen enough near our own doors. Let's first attend to our neighbors; the Gospel of Christ, and not missions, satisfies my hunger."

Mrs. Slow-to-move's idea was correct; she well knew her husband's not exactly hostility to missions, but rather "slowness-to-move" in this direction, and quietly replied:

"Perhaps, Good-heart, the meeting to-night may prove more interesting to you than the last one you attended."

"I don't feel like running the risk! Who wants to hear all about a lot of half-naked savages? For the life of me, Charity, I fail to see the good to come from missions to the Cannibal Islands, and such places as where Bishop Taylor and his wild-goose-chasing followers have gone. Just see how they are dying! As sure as you live these men and women will be terribly glad to see New York once more when they get the chance."

"I confess, husband, that I am at last most willing to admit the positive uselessness of mission work in the Fiji Islands and such places; but we have many fields elsewhere."

"Upon my word, wife, I am glad to hear you admit so much! The day will now surely come when you will no less willingly admit the uselessness of missions in all those other places you have at your tongue's end."

"I hope, Good-heart, it will hasten! It will come when all these places, like the Fijis, have been brought to Christ through the efforts of faithful foreign missionaries," was the quiet reply.

Brother Slow-to-move saw the pitfall into which he had fallen so easily, and, to avoid being caught a second time, rose from his easy-chair and sought the quiet of his study, remarking as he did so:

"Well, well, have your own way, Charity! Send all the blankets you wish to Africa, and mosquito-nets to Greenland and fans to the North Pole, but here, in case I forget, are some quarters for the children to give, and fifty cents as an offering from myself; and, by the way, I may as well give you this cheque for fifty dollars for those two chairs I ordered; Harris is sure to bring them when I'm out."

Brother Slow-to-move reached his study, selected a favorite lounge, stretched himself upon it, tried to think over the morning's sermon, soon forgot sermon and self, fell asleep, and dreamed a very strange dream.

Before him rose a very high range of mountains whose summits seemed to pierce the very skies. As he gazed upon the precipitous towering cliffs he at length noticed a very narrow pathway, traced, like a thin silver thread, from ridge to ridge, until, reaching the base of the tallest peak, distance made it fade from view.

A stranger now drew near him, the beauty of whose person and sweetness of whose expression at once deeply impressed his heart and mind. Brother Slow-to-move felt himself compelled to obey the sign made by the unknown guide, and followed.

In an incredibly short space of time our friend found himself standing on the very summit of the highest mountain, on the edge of a wide plateau overlooking the world beyond and below. Obeying a sign given by his silent conductor he looked around to behold a wonderful scene, one requiring several minutes' study before the many startling scenic pictures assumed outline and shape. Across the horizon toward which his eye was directed he read, inscribed in letters of inky blackness:

"THE EMPIRE OF HEATHENDOM."

In one part of this empire were hosts of men and women driven to and fro and lashed with merciless fury by the long hissing whips of cruel drivers, all of whom appeared to be under the orders of a being of gigantic stature seated upon a throne, above which was seen, gleaming out of thick murky darkness, the word:

"IGNORANCE."

The crowds, bewildered, frightened, senseless, surged to and fro, rushing frantically and aimlessly in all directions, as though seeking a way of escape, and then, baffled at every point, crowding upon each other until myriads of men and women, boys and girls, with thousands of little children, lay upon the ground trampled to death, while tens of thousands more were crying in awful agony for help until even Slow-to-move could scarcely hold himself from rushing to the rescue.

Again his eye followed the finger of his guide; he now noticed crowds, scarcely less in number, mowed down by monstrous scythes wielded by the arms of demons whose glaring eyes, blood-dripping fingers, and hoarse laughter almost stilled Slow-to-move's heart-throbbings. But the awful work went on, line after line fell before the sweep of those advancing scythes, until the dead and dying, the maimed and tortured, lay before him an awful mass of shrieking, writhing, dying humanity. In the far distance Slow-to-move beheld the throne of the monarch of this realm, and above it he read the word

"LUST."

Once more the finger of his yet silent guide moved, once more his own eye followed from west to east; millions were again before him; the greater number walking, wading, sinking in mire and filth, above the surface of which he saw fingers, hands, and arms stretched in mute, helpless, awful, appealing agony, while here and there appeared many a face sinking beneath the nauseous flood, each one, as it disappeared, seeming to fix on him a look of such intense, beseeching agony that Slow-to-move found himself pressing his hands upon his beating heart as if to still the anguish of its eager throbbings.

In the centre of this putrid quagmire stood another throne, over which he saw the words

"THE THRONE OF THE NO-GODS."

For the fourth time the silent finger moved; a fourth scene assumed shape before his eyes—still uncounted millions in the fourth empire. In one district he saw countless hosts cutting themselves to pieces with sharp knives, falling to the ground gashed and bleeding, shrieking under the self-inflicted torture; beyond this he saw the smoke of countless fires, through the curling wreaths of which were revealed the writhing forms of many women falling into the flames beneath them. Elsewhere appeared the bruised and mangled bodies of long rows of human beings crushed to a bleeding mass of quivering flesh beneath the huge wheels of ponderous machines drawn by yelling fiends. Further on streamed an unbroken procession of mothers, who, bearing their children in their arms, cast them one by one into the open jaws of a ravenous monster whose greed seemed insatiable.

Slow-to-move fell to the ground, unconscious for a few moments, under the weight of accumulating horrors, but not before he read the name of the fourth throne:

"NO CHRIST."

As he came to himself the guide's finger again drew his eye as it still moved along the dark horizon.

A fifth empire lay before him, made known by its utter darkness—terrible, deep, impenetrable. Peals of thunder roared and crashed and rolled around, lightnings flamed and seethed and hissed, and through their gleaming fires Slow-to-move saw yet countless millions hopelessly lost. Deep fissures yawned unseen before them, into which myriads fell; rivers, deep, dark, rushing, swallowing thousands; molten lakes, into which hosts were driven; shoreless oceans of horror and shame, into which millions cast themselves in sheer despair. The scenes revealed by the hissing forks of light were so fearful that Slow-to-move hid his face in terror, to see, ere he did so, the name of the fifth empire:

"SUPERSTITION."

Thus far not a word had been spoken by his guide; but now the pale lips opened and a voice of inexpressible tenderness asked:

"MY SON, IS THIS ENOUGH?"

The tone and accent of the speaker, though so sweet, betrayed such intense suffering that Slow-to-move looked into the face of his guide with deep sympathy, deeper because unexpressed in words. As he did this he started back in horror; from head to foot the body of his conductor was crimson with blood which streamed out of a thousand wounds.

Again the lips moved:

"Is this enough, my son, or do you desire to see more?"

Before Slow-to-move was able to reply the scene once more changed.

Afar off, on a seemingly distant plain, upon which light, love, and peace appeared to smile, stood a home soon recognized as his own. Near by it a small band of young men and women, led by a few scarred veterans; all were evidently waiting in eager, anxious, prayerful expectancy. Slow-to-move was about to ask his conductor the cause of the evident delay, when he heard the words spoken in a tone of unutterable sadness:

"These wait to rescue those whom your eyes have seen."

Slow-to-move asked in wondering accents:

"Why do they wait? Why do they not hasten to the rescue? Will it not soon be too late?

And the sad answer crushed down upon his very soul:

"My son, they would hasten, but they wait for thee: for thy wealth, for thy interest, for thy prayers, for thy sympathy; shall they be hindered longer?"

Slow-to-move awoke, and behold it was all a dream; but the interpretation of his dream was at once supplied by what seemed to be the faint echoes, sweet, tender, pleading, of the voice of his guide:

"I have shown you part of my harvest field; will you not henceforth help me to glean for my kingdom?"

In that hour Slow-to-move died, and only Good-heart remained. From that hour Brother Good-heart proved foremost in all mission work, his zeal, earnestness, and love being such that his Master accepted his service as the fragrant tribute of praise, devotion, and deep, whole-souled gratitude.

He had seen the field, and that was enough.—*Gospel in all Lands.*

WHAT WE CAN DO for ourselves will soon be forgotten; what we can do for others may be the vision to cheer the soul when the eyes can no longer behold the loved ones.

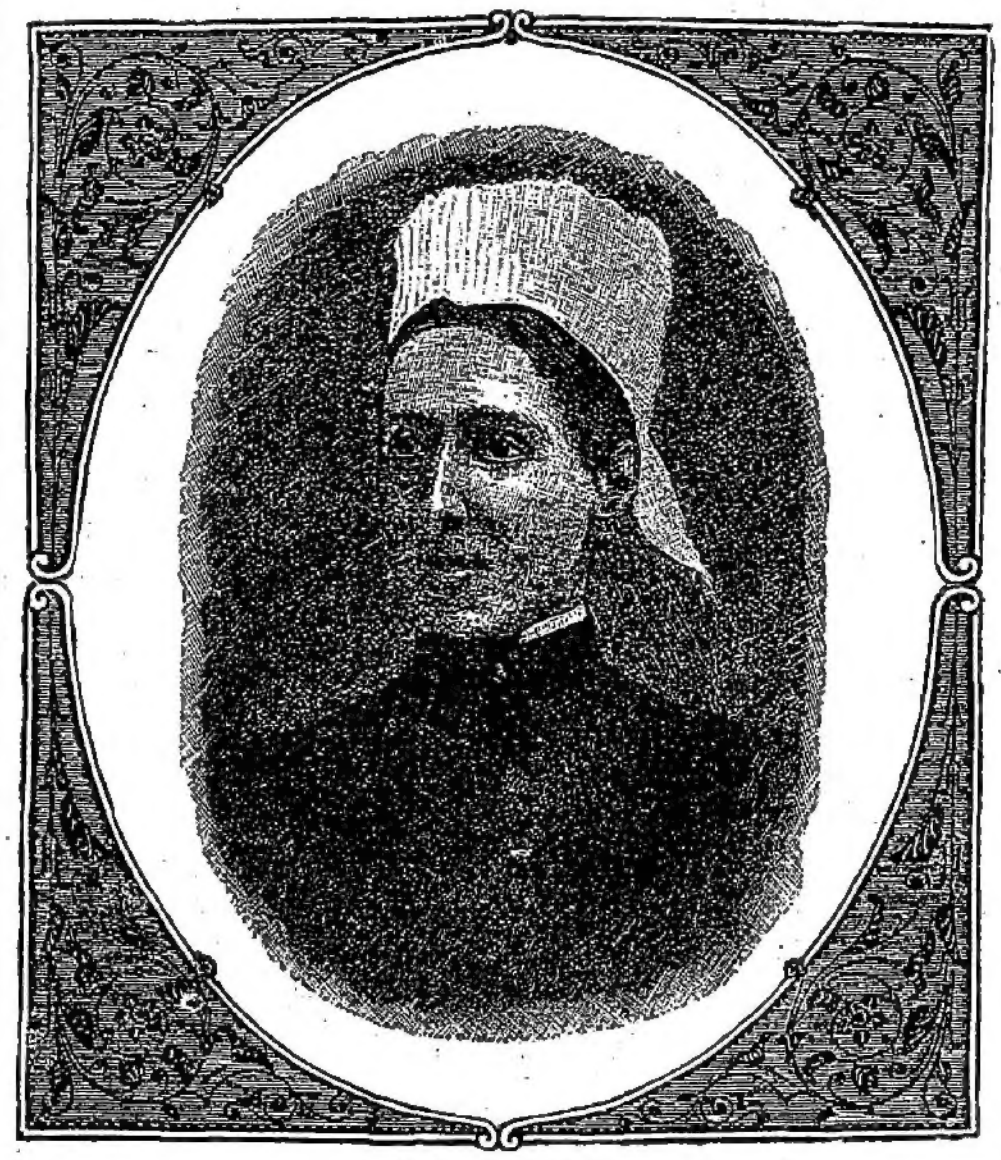
MISS KATE MARSDEN.

Some months ago there appeared in the newspapers a letter telling of the visit of Miss Kate Marsden to the Russian capital. Many then learnt for the first time that this brave, unselfish Englishwoman was about to devote her life to the mitigation of the sufferings caused by leprosy. They were told how Miss Marsden had gone to the Imperial Palace armed with a most kindly letter from the Princess of Wales to the Empress of Russia, how graciously the Empress had received her, and by what an exceptional favor Her Majesty had personally bestowed upon her the decoration of the Red Cross Society, with a second cross "for care of the wounded," in recognition of her services during the Russo-Turkish war. But Miss Marsden, proud though she was to bear these honors, had yet another boon to crave. She informed the Czarina that it was during the war she had happened, for the first time, to behold cases of leprosy. The sight had appalled, but not unnerved her, and from that day until the present it had been her first desire to study the disease, in order, as a nurse, to rob it of some of its horrors. Leprosy being rife in many parts of Russia, Miss Marsden preferred the request that she might be permitted to visit some of the principal leper hospitals in the empire.

The favor was no sooner asked than granted. The Empress entered into the discussion of Miss Marsden's plan with enthusiasm, and offered every possible facility for its execution. The example set by the court was followed by the Government officials. Prince and Princess Golitsyn, and the favorite ladies-in-wating on Her Majesty, Countess Tolstoi and Mlle. Osenoff, heaped kindnesses upon Miss Marsden, while several of the busiest heads of departments, who are ordinarily unapproachable to strangers, threw open their doors to her, and gave her letters of recommendation to their subordinates throughout the empire. Miss Marsden, when she left St. Petersburg, was empowered to visit the hospitals from the western-most boundary to the furthest limit of Siberia—from the Caucasus, if need be, to the Arctic Ocean. She might take what photographs, make what notes, she pleased, and in order that she might have no difficulty on any other score, the Emperor promised her the escort of Dr. Duncan, the principal medical officer at St. Petersburg, whose expenses would be defrayed by the Russian Government.

Touched and almost overwhelmed by such generosity as this, Miss Marsden returned to England in order to make the necessary preparations which a journey of so long and perilous a character would involve. But upon her arrival in England a fresh prospect awaited her, and considerations were presented to her, which have led to an alteration of her scheme. An intimate friend of Miss Marsden, a lady of means and benevolence, had conceived the idea of building a leper hospital. This hospital, she determined, should be built upon an island, and should be designed upon a new plan whereby the utmost possible isolation of the patients is secured and the danger of infection being conveyed to the outer world is reduced to a minimum. But, in order to make her intended gift of the utmost value, Mrs. Deane, such was the lady's name—proposed to make a journey throughout the countries of Europe where leprosy exists to discover where the disease is most prevalent, and to investigate the various methods by which it is treated. Mrs. Deane invited Miss Marsden to co-operate with her, and the latter, feeling she could thus become the instrument of a scheme which promised to realize all her philanthropic desires, very readily gave her consent. Miss Marsden's only regret in the matter was to find that her Russian tour could not now be undertaken so soon as she had intended. But it is postponed, not abandoned.

The two friends accordingly left England for the Continent a short time ago, but before doing so Miss Marsden had an interview with her whom the whole nursing profession justly revere—Miss Florence Nightingale — whose kindly counsels strengthened her courage and confirmed her purpose. Miss Marsden also saw M. Pasteur not long since in order to learn from him whether it might be possible by inoculation to protect persons from a fate even more terrible than hydrophobia. M. Pasteur was unfortunately not able to hold out any such hope. Miss Marsden has a map of Europe which shows, by means of a dark shading, the districts where the disease of leprosy exists. It is not a little alarming to note over how many countries this shadow is cast, and to be told by Miss Marsden that this awful plague is on the increase. With the help of this map, Miss Marsden has traced the plan of her tour. On leaving England, it was her intention to proceed first to Stockholm and Copenhagen, then, having learned all that the medical authorities in the Scandinavian Peninsula could teach her, to proceed to Paris, thence to Venice, Florence, Rome, and Athens, and by Constantinople to that terrible headquarters of the disease—the Crimea. Yet further eastward she would turn her steps to the Holy Land, then, turning back again, go westward by way of Egypt, Sicily, Madrid, to the Canary Islands, and, if possible, conclude by a visit to Robben Island. Surely a great venture this, if undertaken for pleasure alone, but accompanied as it must be by peculiar perils, and undertaken solely in order to lessen the afflictions of suffering humanity, it becomes a noble mission, fit only to rank with the self-abnegating deeds of a Florence Nightingale.—*Churchman.*



MISS KATE MARSDEN.

DASAMMAH.

BY MISS LEITCH.

I should like to tell about a girl who studied in a mission school in India. I will call her name Dasammah, though that was not her real name. When she came to the mission school she was about twelve years of age. She was married, but her husband allowed her to attend school. She was a very modest girl, and used to take her seat back in a corner, and drew her cloth closely over her face, so that she should not be much noticed. When questions were asked of her she seemed to be very timid about answering, but the missionary noticed that when she was teaching the Bible lesson, this girl seemed always to lean forward and to be drinking in every word. One day when Dasammah went home she told her husband that she did not believe that the idols which they worshipped were true gods, but that she believed that Jesus Christ was the true Saviour. When her husband heard this he was much alarmed, for he feared she would become a Christian. So the next morning he said to her, "Get your things ready quickly: I am going to take you to live at my mother's house; be ready to leave in an hour."

If you who read these lines were to be told that you were to leave your home and go to a distant village to live, and that you were to be ready to start in an hour, what are the things you would select to take with you? This girl thought of her Bible. But she must not be seen in the street at that time in the morning. So she called a little neighbor girl of lower caste, and said to her, "Run quickly to the missionary's house and get that book we study in the school—the Bible." And the little girl ran to the missionary's house and got a Bible and brought it to Dasammah, and she hid it in her cloth, and that was the only thing she took with her when she went to a distant village to live with her husband's mother. She was the only Christian in that village; there was not a missionary there, or a native pastor, or a native Christian. But day by day she studied her Bible, and day by day the Christ of whom it told became more real and more precious to her.

After a time her husband died suddenly, and then, as is the custom in India, her relatives treated her very cruelly, and charged her with the death of her husband, saying she had used charms or something which had caused his death. The girl said that she had done nothing to cause the death of her husband, but that it was the will of God that he should die at that time. Then they said, "It is because you have given up worshipping our gods, and are worshipping the Christian God. Now you must come back and worship our gods, and promise that you will not become a Christian." The girl said, "Oh, how can I promise that? I do believe in Christ. I am a Christian." They spoke with her many times on the subject, but she could only give them the one answer—"I am a Christian."

One day the men of the house banished all the women to the women's apartments, and taking this little girl out into the yard, drove four stakes into the ground, and tied the girl's hands and feet to these stakes. Then they said to her, "Now we will bring fire and burn your feet, unless you promise that you'll not become a Christian." And the girl answered, "I do believe in Christ. I am a Christian." They put the fire to her feet and let it burn them, and the pain was very great. Then they said to her, "Now will you promise that you'll not become a Christian?" The girl answered, "Oh, I cannot promise, I am, I am a Christian." Surely he who walked with the three children of Israel in the burning, fiery furnace was with this poor girl, and strengthened her in the hour of her great trial. After a time, the pain was so great she could not bear it, and she fainted away. When the men saw that, they were afraid she would die, and that the English Government might call them to account for their conduct. So they untied her hands and feet, and then carried her away into a dark room, and left her there. In the middle of the night consciousness returned to her, and she got up and felt for the door, and found it open. She went out and went straight for the missionary's house. It took her that night, and the next day, and late into the next night, to reach it. She walked part of the way, as well as she could, on her poor sore feet, and when she could not travel thus any further, she got down and crawled on her hands and knees. When she came to the missionary house she knocked. The missionary lady came to the door and looked at the girl, but did not recognize her, she was so covered with dust and looked so wretched. She said to the girl, "Who are you?" The girl told her. Then she asked, "Why did you come?" The girl said, "I believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and I want to be baptized."

The missionary lady took her in, and when she saw what a condition her feet were in, she was very sorry for her. She dressed her feet and all the time she was doing this the girl never uttered a single murmur or complaint, but only said, "Oh, how good you are! how you must love Jesus Christ, to be so kind to a poor girl like me!" After a time her feet healed, and she said to the missionary lady, "You have a Bible-woman who visits in the homes and teaches the women; I should so like to help her to tell the women about Christ. I could live on very little, all I should want would be rice and salt; two shillings a month would be quite sufficient to buy my food. If you could find some one who would pay that for me, I would spend my whole time teaching the women in their homes." The missionary lady furnished her with the needed means, and she is now a Bible-woman, and very happy in her work. This girl had only known about Christ a short time, but he was very precious to her, and she desired to tell others of him.

I wonder if you who read these lines love Christ as much, and if you are letting your light shine as brightly. If Christ were to stand before you in bodily form, and say to you as he said to his disciples, "As my father hath sent me, even so send I you," how would you feel in his presence? Would you be able to look into his dear face and say, "Lord Jesus, I do desire to be in the world as thou wast in the world. Make me more and more to be like thee?"

SEVEN QUESTIONS.

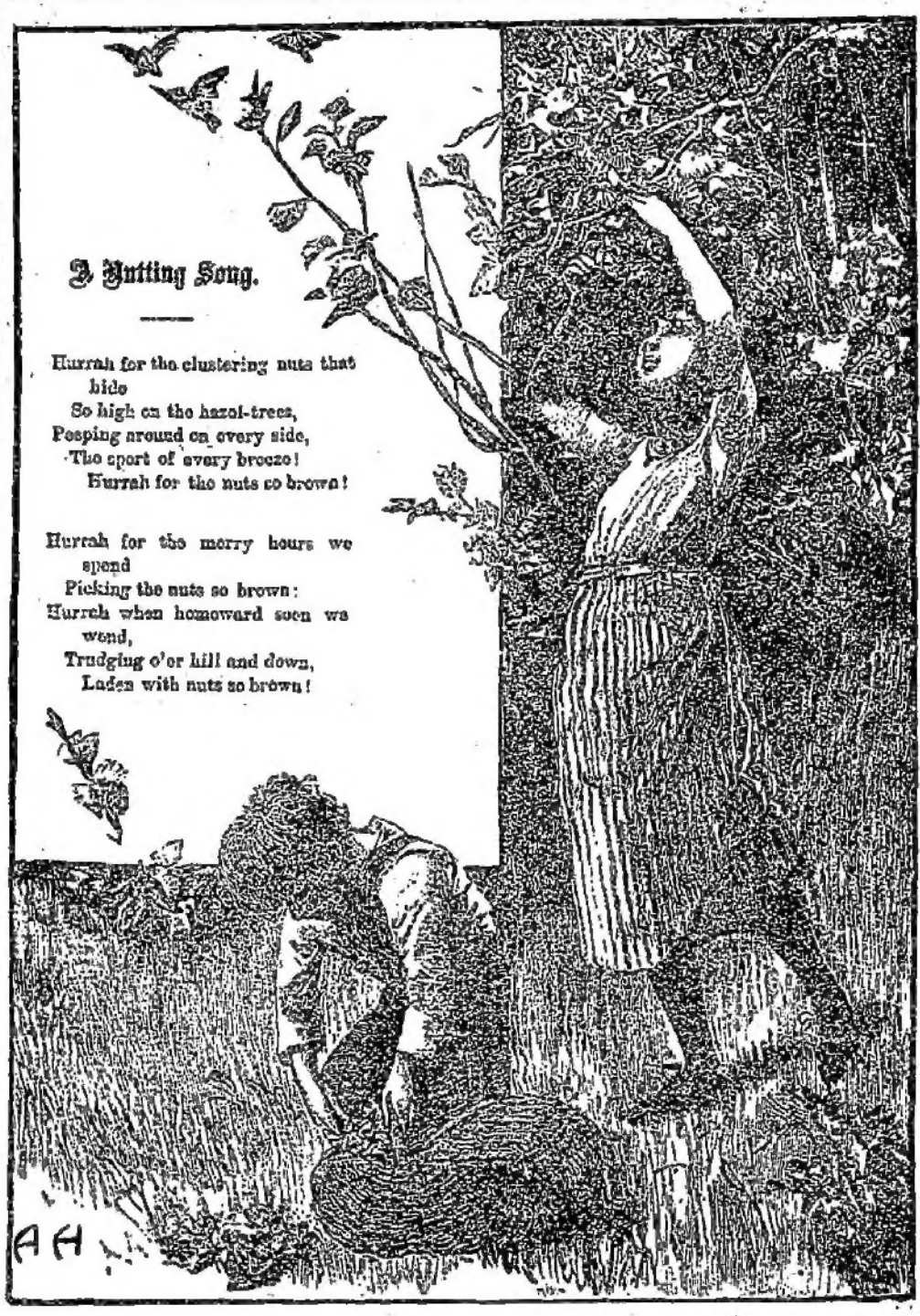
If you meet with an Atheist, do not let him entangle you into the discussion of side issues. As to many points which he raises, you must learn to make the rabbi's answers "I do not know." But ask him these seven questions:—

1. Ask him, Where did matter come from? Can a dead thing create itself?
2. Ask him, Where did motion come from?
3. Ask him, Where life came from, save the finger tip of Omnipotence?
4. Ask him, Whence came the inquisitive order and design in nature? If one told you that millions of printers' types should fortuitously shape themselves into the Divine Comedy of Dante, or plays of Shakespeare, would you not think him a madman?
5. Ask him, Whence came consciousness?
6. Ask him, Who gave you free will?
7. Ask him, Whence came conscience?

He who says there is no God, in the face of these questions, talks simply stupendous nonsense. This, then, is one of the foundations—one of the things which cannot be shaken, and will remain. From this belief in God follows the belief in God's providence, the belief that we are his people, and the sheep of his pasture.

COMPARED WITH HIS.

The Chief of the Gospel history is certainly a great being in the effects produced by his life and death. This greatness in the effects finds its proper explanation in the greatness of himself. Compared with his all other greatness, except that of God himself, dwindles into insignificance.


A Nutting Song.
Hurrah for the clustering nuts that hide
So high on the hazel-trees,
Peeping around on every side,
The sport of every breeze!
Hurrah for the nuts so brown!
Hurrah for the merry hours we spend
Picking the nuts so brown:
Hurrah when homeward soon we wend,
Trudging o'er hill and down,
Laden with nuts so brown!
AH

MARJORIE'S MIRACLE.

BY JULIA M. LIPPMANN.

"Will we have to wait until all these folks have been 'taken'?" asked Marjorie, looking from the crowd of people who thronged the fashionable photograph gallery to her mother, who was threading her way slowly through the press to the cashier's desk.

"Yes, dear, I'm afraid so; but we must be patient and not fret, else we shall not get a pleasant picture; and that would never do."

While she paid the clerk for the photographs and made her arrangements with him as to the desired size and style, Marjorie busied herself with looking around and scanning the different faces she saw.

"There!" she thought; "what for, do you s'pose, have I got to wait for that baby to have its picture taken? Nothing but an ugly mite of a thing, anyway. I shouldn't guess it was more than a day old from the way it wiggles its eyes about. I wonder if its mother thinks it's a nice baby. Anyhow, I should think I might have my picture taken first. And that hump-backed boy! Guess I have a right to go in before him; he's not pretty one bit— What a lovely frock that young lady has on—all fluffy and white, with lace and things. She keeps *looking in the glass* all the time, so I guess she knows she's pretty. When I'm a young lady I'll be prettier than she is, though; for my hair is goldener than hers and my eyes are brown, and hers are nothing but plain blue. I heard a gentleman say the other day I had 'a rare style of beauty;' he didn't know I heard (he was talking to mamma, and he thought I had gone away; but I hadn't). I'm glad I have 'a rare style of beauty,' and I'm glad my father's rich, so I can have lovely clothes and—Seems to me any one ought to see that I'm prettier than that old lady over there; she's all bent over and wrinkled, and when she talks her voice is all kind of trembly, and her eyes are as dim—But she'll go in before me just the same; and I'll get tireder and tireder until I—Mamma, won't you come over to that sofa, and put your arm around me so I can rest? I'm as sleepy as I can be; and by the time all these folks get done being 'taken' I'll be dead, I s'pose. Do come."

Her mother permitted herself to be led to the opposite side of the room where a large lounge stood; and, seating herself upon it, took her little daughter within the circle of her arm; whereupon Marjorie commenced complaining of the injustice of these 'homely people' being given the advantage over her pretty self.

"Oh, Marjorie, Marjorie!" whispered her mother, "what a very foolish little girl you are. I think it would take a miracle to make you see aright. Don't you know that that dear baby is very, very sick? and that, probably, its sad little mother has brought it here to have its picture taken, so that if it should be called away from her, she might have something to gaze at that looked like her precious little one? And that poor crippled boy! He has a lovely face, with its large, patient eyes and sensitive mouth. How much better he is to look at than that young woman you admire so much, whose beauty does not come from her soul at all, and will disappear as soon as her rosy cheeks fade and her hair grows gray. Now that sweet old lady over there is just a picture of goodness; and her dear old eyes have a look of love in them that is more beautiful than any shimmer or shine you could show me in those of your friend, Miss Peacock."

"Why do you call her 'Miss Peacock'? You don't know her, do you?" queried Marjorie.

"No, I don't know her in one sense, but in another I do. She is vain and proud, and the reason I called her Miss Peacock was because of the way in which she struts back and forth before that pier-glass; just like the silly bird itself. But I should not have called her names. It was not a kind thing to do even though she is so foolish, and I beg her pardon and yours, little daughter."

Marjorie did not ask why her mother apologized to her. She had a dim sort of an idea that it was because she had set her an example that she would be sorry to have her follow. Instead, she inquired suddenly:

"How do they take pictures, mamma? I mean, what does the man do when he goes behind that queer machine thing and sticks his head under the cloth and then, after a while, claps in something that looks like my tracing-slate and then pops it out again? What makes the picture?"

"The sun makes the picture. It is so *strong* and clear that though it is such a long distance away it shines down upon the object that is to be photographed and reflects its image through a lens in the camera upon a plate which is sensitized (that is, coated with a sort of gelatin that is so sensitive that it holds the impression cast upon it until, by the aid of certain acids and processes, *it can be made permanent*, that is, lasting). I am afraid I have not succeeded in explaining so you can understand very clearly; have I, sweetheart?"

Majorie nodded her head.

"Yee-es," she replied, listlessly. "I guess I know now. You said—the sun—did--it; the sun took our pictures. It's very strange—*to think—the sun—does—it.*"

"Come Majorie! Want to go travelling?" asked a voice.

"No, thank you. Not just now," replied Marjorie, slowly. "I am going to have my photograph taken in a little while—just as soon as all these stupid folks get theirs done. I shouldn't have time to go anywhere hardly, and besides it'd tire me and I want to look all fresh and pretty so the picture will be nice."

"But suppose we promised, honor bright'—

"Begging your pardon," broke in another voice; "that's understood in any case—a foregone conclusion, you know. Our honor would have to be bright."

"Suppose we promised faithfully," continued the first voice, pretending not to notice the interruption "to bring you back in time to go in when your turn *comes*? Shouldn't you rather take a journey with us and see any number of wonderful things than just to sit here leaning against your mother's arm and watching these people that you think so 'stupid'?"

"Of course," assented Marjorie at once. "It's awful tiresome—this. It makes me feel just as sleepy as can be. But what's *the use of talking*? I can't leave here or else I'd lose my chance, and besides mamma never lets me go out with strangers."

"We're not strangers," asserted the voice, calmly; "we are as familiar to you as your shadow; in fact, more so, come to think of it. You have always known us and so has your mother. She'd trust you to us never fear. Will you come?"

Marjorie considered a moment, and said:

"Well, if you're perfectly sure you'll take care of me, and that you'll bring me back in time, I guess I will."

No sooner had she spoken than she felt herself raised from her place and borne away out of the crowded room in which she was—out, out into the world; as free as the air itself, and being carried along as though she was a piece of light thistle-down on the back of a summer breeze.

That she was travelling very fast, she could see by the way in which she outstripped the clouds hurrying noiselessly across the sky. One thing she knew, whatever progress she was making was due, not to herself (for she was making absolutely no effort at all, seeming to be merely reclining at ease), but was the result of some other exertion than her own. She was not frightened in the least, but, as she grew accustomed to the peculiar mode of locomotion, became more and more curious to discover the source of it.

She looked about her, but nothing was visible, save the azure sky above her and the green earth beneath. She seemed to be quite alone. The sense of her solicitude began to fill her with a deep awe; and she grew strangely uneasy as she thought of herself, a frail little girl, amid the vastness of the big world.

How weak and helpless she was; scarcely more important than one of the wild flowers she had used to tread on when she wasn't being hurried through space by the means of—she knew not what. To be sure she was pretty; but then, they had been pretty, too, and she had stepped on them, and they had died, and she had gone away and no one had ever known.

"Oh, dear," she thought, "it would be the easiest thing in the world for me to be killed (even if I am pretty), and no one would know it at all. I wonder what is going to happen? I wish I hadn't come."

"Don't be afraid," said the familiar voice, suddenly. "We promised to take care of you. We are truth itself. Don't be afraid."

"But I am afraid," insisted Marjorie, in a petulant way. "And I'm getting afraider every minute. I don't know where I'm going nor how I'm being taken there, and I don't like it one bit. Who are you, anyway?"

For a moment she received no reply; but then the voice said:

"Hush, don't speak so irreverently. You are talking to the emissaries of a great sovereign; his Majesty the Sun."

"Is he carrying me along?" inquired Marjorie presently, with deep respect.

"Oh dear, no," responded the voice; "we are doing that. We are his vassals (you call us beams). It is a very magnificent thing to be a kind"—

"*Of course*," interrupted Marjorie, "one can wear such elegant clothes that shine and sparkle like everything with gold and jewels, and have lots of servants and"—

"*No, no*," corrected the beam warmly. "Where did you get such a wrong idea of things? That is not at all where the splendor of being a king exists. It does not lie in the mere *fact of one's being* born to a title and able to command. That would be very little if that were all. It is not in the gold and jewels and precious stuffs that go to adorn a king that his grandeur lies; but in the things which these things represent. We give a king the rarest and most costly because it is fitting that the king should have the best—that he is worthy of the best; that only the best will serve one who is so great and glorious. They mean nothing in themselves; they only describe his greatness. The things that one sees are not of importance; it is the things that they are put there to represent. Do you understand! I don't believe you do. I'll try to make it more clear to you, like a true sunbeam. Look at one of your earthkings, *for instance*. He is nothing but a man just like the rest of you, but what makes him great is that he is supposed to have more truth, more wisdom, more justice and power. If he has not these things, then he had better never have been a king, for that only places him where every one can see how unworthy he is; makes his lacks only more conspicuous. Your word king comes from another word, *Konning*, which comes from still another word, *Canning*—that means Ableman. If he is not really an Ableman it were better he had never worn ermine. And there too; ermine is only a fur, you know. It is nothing in itself but fur; but you have come to think of it as an emblem of royalty, because kings use it. So you see, Marjorie, a thing is not of any worth really except as it represents something that is great and noble—something true."

(To be Continued.)

SIMPLE AND DEVOTED.

It is difficult to retain simplicity of life and devotion to religious duty when burdened with business, fortune and honor; but it can be done, for it has been done.

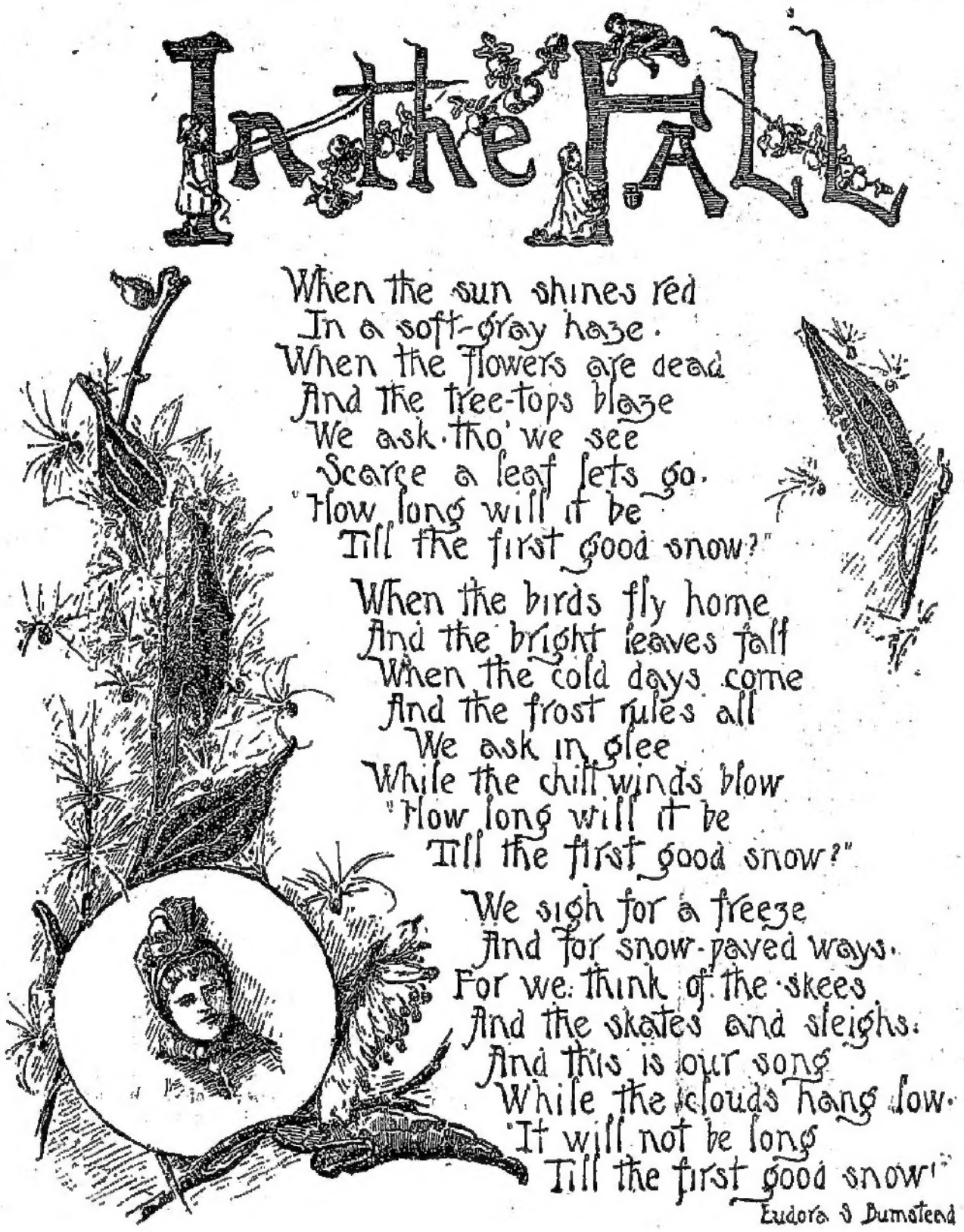
Lord Hatherly was an eminent lawyer and a learned Lord Chancellor, but for forty years he was a Sunday-school teacher among the poor of Westminster. Even while Lord Chancellor of England, he was to be found every Sunday, seated among the poor working-men's children reading and explaining to them the Scriptures.

But the great man's life was as wonderful in its simplicity as in its devotion to duty. Once, by special invitation of Queen Victoria, he visited her at Windsor Castle, and remained over night. On the morning of his departure, the Queen said she wished he would stay another night at the Castle. Seeing that he seemed perplexed, she said:

"Why do you hesitate, my Lord?"

"Your Majesty," answered the Lord Chancellor, "I have never, since I was married, been parted for four and twenty hours from my wife before."

"Oh, I won't keep you, then!" exclaimed the Queen, with that ready sympathy which is one of her traits.

Lord Hatherly returned home, and when again the Queen invited him to Windsor, she was careful to ask him to bring Lady Hatherly.

In the Fall
When the sun shines red
In a soft-gray haze.
When the flowers are dead
And the tree-tops blaze
We ask tho' we see
Scarce a leaf lets go.
"How long will it be
Till the first good snow?"
When the birds fly home
And the bright leaves fall
When the cold days come
And the frost rules all
We ask in glee
While the chill winds blow
"How long will it be
Till the first good snow?"
We sigh for a freeze
And for snow-paved ways.
For we think of the skees
And the skates and sleighs.
And this is our song
While the clouds hang low.
"It will not be long
Till the first good snow!"
Eudora S Bumstead

MARJORIE'S MIRACLE.

BY JULIA M. LIPPMANN.

(Concluded.)

Marjorie was very silent for a little: she was trying to understand what the sunbeam meant, so she found it rather difficult. After a while she gave it up, and said:

"Will you tell me how you are carrying me and where we are going and all about it?"

"Certainly," replied the beam, brightly. "You are in a sort of hammock made out of threads of sunshine. We sunbeams can weave one in less than no time, and it is no trouble at all to swing a little mortal like you way out into the clearness and the light so that a bit of it can make its way into your dark little soul, and make you not quite so blind as you were."

"Why, I'm not blind at all," said Marjorie with a surprised pout. "I can see as well as anything. Did you think I couldn't?"

"I know you can't," replied the beam, calmly. "That is, you can't see any further than the outside part of things, and that is almost worse than seeing none at all. But here we are nearing the court of the king. Now don't expect to see him, for that is impossible. He is altogether too radiant for you; your eyes could not bear so much glory. It would be just as if you took one of your own little moles or bats (creatures used to the dark) and put them in the glare of the noon-day sun. The sun would be there, but they could not see it because their eyes would be too weak and dim. Even yourself: haven't you often tried to look the sun full in the face? Yes! and you have had to give it up and turn your face away because it hurt your eyes. Well, his Majesty only lets the world have a glimpse of his glory. But here we are at our journey's end."

With these words Marjorie felt herself brought to a gentle halt and found herself in a place most wondrously clear and light and high, from which she could look off—far, far across and over and down to where something that looked like a dim ball was whirling rapidly.

"That is your earth," whispered the sunbeam in her ear; "the earth that you have just left."

Marjorie was so astounded that for a time she was unable to say a word. Then she managed to falter out:

"But it always looked so big and bright and now it is nothing but a horrid dark speck"—

"That is just it, Marjorie! just what I said. When you look at the world simply as a planet it is small and dark enough; not nearly as large as some of the others you see about. But when you look at it as a place on which God has put his people to be good and noble, to work out a beautiful purpose, then—but wait a moment."

Marjorie felt a strange thrill pass through her; across her eyes swept something that felt like a caressing hand, and when she looked again everything was changed and she seemed gazing at a wonderful sort of panorama that shifted and changed every moment showing more lovely impressions each instant.

"What is it?" she gasped, scarcely able to speak for delight and amazement.

"Only pictures of your world as it really is. Pictures taken by his Highness, the sun, who does not stop at the mere outer form of things but reveals the true inwardness of them—what they are actually. He does not stop with the likeness of the surface of things; he makes portraits of their hearts as well, and he always gets exact likenesses; he never fails."

Marjorie felt a sudden fear steal over her at these words; she did not precisely know why, but she had a dim sort of feeling that if the sun took photographs of more than the outside of things (of the hearts as well) some of the pictures might not be so pretty, perhaps. But she said nothing and watched the scroll as it unrolled before her with a great thrill of wonderment.

With her new vision the world was more beautiful than anything she had ever imagined. She could see everything upon its surface, even to the tiniest flower, but nothing was as it had seemed to her when she had been one of its inhabitants herself. Each blade of grass, each tree and rock and brook was something more than a mere blade or tree or rock or brook—something so much more strange and beautiful that it almost made her tremble with ecstacy to see.

"Now you can see," said the voice. "Before you were blind. Now you understand what I meant when I said the objects one sees are of themselves nothing; it is what they represent that is grand and glorious and beautiful. A flower is lovely, but it is not half as lovely as the thing it suggests—but I can't expect you to understand that. Even when you were blind you used to love the ocean. Now that you can see, do you know why? It is because it is an emblem of God's love—deep and mighty and strong and beautiful beyond words. And so with the mountains, and so with the smallest weed that grows. But we must look at other things before you go back"—

"Oh dear," faltered Marjorie, "when I go back shall I be blind again? How does one see clear when one goes back?"

"Through truth," answered the beam, briefly.

But just then Marjorie found herself looking at some new sights. "What are these?" she whispered, tremblingly.

"The proofs of some pictures you will remember to have seen," replied the beam.

And sure enough! with a start of amaze and wonder she saw before her eyes the people who had sat in the crowded gallery with her before she had left it to journey here with her sunbeam guide; but oh! with such a difference.

The baby she had thought so ugly was in reality a white-winged angel, mild-eyed and pitying, while the humpbacked boy represented a patience so tender that it beautified everything upon which it shone. She thought she recognized in one of the pictures a frock of filmy lace that she remembered to have seen before, but the form it encased was strange to her, so ill-shaped and unlovely it looked; while the face was so repulsive that she shrank from it with horror.

"Is that what I thought was the pretty girl?" she murmured, tremulously.

Yes," replied the beam, simply.

The next portrait was that of the silver-haired old lady, whom Marjorie had thought so crooked and bowed. She saw now why her shoulders are bent. It was because of the mass of memories she carried—memories gathered through a long and useful life. Her silver hair made a halo about her head.

"The next is yours," breathed the voice at her side, softly. "Will you look?"

Marjorie gave a quick start, and her voice quivered sadly as she cried:

"Oh, sunbeam, don't force me to see it! Let me go back and try to be better before I see my likeness. I am afraid now. The outside prettiness isn't anything, unless one's spirit is lovely, too; and I—I could not look now, for I know—I know how hateful mine would be. I have learned about it now, and it's like a book; if the story the book tells is not beautiful the pictures won't be good to see. I have learned about it now, and I know better than I did. May I—oh, may I try again?"

She waited in an agony of suspense for the answer, and when it came, and the voice said, gently: "It is your turn next," she cried aloud; "Not yet, oh! not yet. Let me wait. Let me try again."

And there she was, with her cheeks all flushed and tear-stained, her hair in loose, damp curls about her temples, and her frock all rumpled and crushed, in her mother's arms; and her mother was saying;

"Bad dreams, sweetheart? You have had a fine long nap; but it is your turn next, and I have had to wake you. Come, dear. Now we must see if we cannot get a good likeness of you—just as you really are."—*New York Independent.*

NELLIE'S DANGER.

J. E. Walter, master of train service of the Louisville and Nashville railway, has a Newfoundland dog, and a little girl who is fond of it. A few mornings since, the little girl was left in a room with the dog, and a large fire in the grate. The little girl evidently had gone too near the fire, and the dog had tried unsuccessfully to get her away. He then hurried to her mother's room and began catching her dress and pulling her toward the door. She told him to go and find little Nellie. He made a whining noise and slowly walked back to where the little one was lying unconscious of danger and lay down between her and the fire. When Mrs. Walter entered the room a few minutes later, she found the noble dog in this position, whining and crying, while the hair was being singed from his back.—*Our Dumb Animals.*

TEMPERANCE IN SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.

"Another thing with regard to the Sunday Schools is: Our future temperance work, as well as much of the present, I believe, is to be in the hands of the young people of to-day, and it seems we should do some definite work in the Sunday Schools. I do not exactly know how this is to be accomplished, but feel that it is a necessary thing to be done, and think we ought to devise some way of reaching the children there.—*Mrs. A. Henderson.*

IN ME YE SHALL HAVE PEACE.

DR. BONAR'S LAST LINES.

The following beautiful and affecting lines were found among Dr. Bonar's papers after his death. It is believed they were the last he ever wrote:—

Long days and nights upon this restless bed,
Of daily, nightly weariness and pain!
Yet, thou art here, my ever-gracious Lord,
Thy well-known voice speaks not to me in vain:
"In me ye shall have peace!"

The darkness seemeth long, and even the light
No respite brings with it; no soothing rest
For this worn frame; yet in the midst of all
Thy love revives. Father, thy will is best:
"In me ye shall have peace!"

Sleep cometh not, when most I seem to need
Its kindly balm. O Father, be to me
Better than sleep; and let these sleepless hours
Be hours of blessed fellowship with thee.
"In me ye shall have peace!"

Not always seen the wisdom and the love;
And sometimes hard to be believed, when pain
Wrestles with faith, and almost overcomes.
Yet even in conflict thy sure words sustain:
"In me ye shall have peace!"

Father, the flesh is weak; fain would I rise
Above its weakness into things unseen.
Lift thou me up; give me the open ear,
To hear the voice that speaketh from within:
"In me ye shall have peace!"

Father, the hour is come; the hour when I
Shall with these fading eyes behold thy face,
And drink in all the fulness of thy love;
Till then, O speak to me thy words of grace:
"In me ye shall have peace!"

—*Friendly Greetings.*

HANNAH'S ANSWER.

"Some days must be dark and dreary," sighed Hannah Thurston as she descended the stairs one morning. Now Hannah had only seen seventeen summers, and the day must have been dismal and dreary indeed, to justify that mournful expression in a girl of seventeen. It was dismal enough outside, for the rain had been pouring in torrents all night; but we will step in the kitchen, out of the wet, and see if the trouble is inside or out.

Hannah opened the windows, and the room looked cheerless, until with hands that seem accustomed to the work, she had built a fire, which soon sent its red glow out over the room, brightening every corner, and seeming to challenge the weather outside.

In a few moments her mother came into the kitchen. She looked pale and tired, for she had been awake a good portion of the night with the baby, who was teething.

There was no time for dismal thoughts for the next half hour, as they went about preparing breakfast for their large family. For Hannah was one of a family of thirteen children, nearly all of whom possessed healthy appetites, as was soon evinced by the appearence of part of the aforesaid "baker's dozen." One by one they came—ten sturdy boys. Tim brought up the rear, singing, "There was an old woman who lived in a shoe"—(the weather never depressed either Tim's appetite or his spirits).

"Tim, be quiet, you'll 'waken the baby," said Hannah, sharply.

They were all assembled, except little five-year-old Kitty, who had never been strong or well, and so seldom took her place at the family meals.

When her father had asked a blessing on the meal, Hannah arranged a little tray of breakfast, and carried it into the adjoining room, where little Kitty lay. As she stooped and kissed the pale face on the pillow, her own, for the first time that morning, brightened.

Kitty had had a restless night, and did not want any breakfast; but, she did want "Nanna" to rock her, which Hannah did not have to be asked twice to do; for as much as she loved the boys with their noise and pranks, it was not the tender feeling she had for the little one, who had always been her special charge and care.

Mr. Thurston was the pastor of a country parish, were the salary was poor enough, even when it was paid, and as the greater part of it had to be taken out in provisions had it not been for a small income possessed by his wife, the good man would often have been at his wits' end to know wherewithal his family were to be clothed, not to say anything about their education.

As it was, the two boys next younger than Hannah, were being made ready for college by himself, praying that when the time arrived for them to enter, the Lord would open the way.

Mrs. Thurston's health had never been very robust, and it had not been improved by the strain on it of making five hundred dollars do the work of a thousand, and so, gradually, little by little, the reins of the family had slipped from the mother's to the eldest daughter's hands, until Hannah was in reality what her mother often termed her—"my right hand." While to little Kitty, or "Kitten," as the boys called her, "Nanna" was her all in all.

The village school had afforded her all the means in its power of giving her an education, but at seventeen she had mastered all that was taught there.

As Hannah rocked her little sister this dull morning, something more perplexing than the everyday care and worry was in her mind; had kept her awake, thinking, the night before, and had given her that anxious look this morning.

The previous summer, an aunt of her mother's had paid them quite a long visit, and among other things she had discovered in the minister's family, was a natural talent Hannah possessed for drawing, and which there was no means for cultivating.

The day before our story opens, a letter had come, begging them to let her have Hannah for the winter in her eastern city home, and promising her all the advantages to be obtained from a professional teacher, as well as all the instructions in the higher branches.

When the father read the letter, the first feeling was one of intense delight.

"My daughter, I am so glad!" her mother said; "it will be such a grand opportunity for you, only," and she sighed, "I hardly know how I can do without you."

The boys raised a dismal howl when they understood what the letter meant.

All night she had lain awake thinking and planning what she could do if she only had that winter in the city. She tried not to think how her mother and Kitty would miss her, but amongst all her plans would come the golden text they had in their lessons a few Sabbaths before, "Even Christ pleased not himself."

For Hannah, about a year before, had partaken of the emblems of a Saviour's dying love, and had been received into the fold of the Redeemer.

And now, while Kitty's little hand stroked her face, she felt she had not let the one whom she professed to follow, take care of this matter for her, and she asked the Lord to show her her duty; not what she wanted, but what he would have her do. And by the time the little one was asleep, somehow the winter in the city without father and mother and the boys, and above all, little Kitty, did not seem quite so enchanting as it had done the night before.

After she and her mother cleared the table and made the boys presentable for school, they sat down to their basket of mending.

"Father is going over to old Aunt Susan's," said Mrs. Thurston, "and he will see if she can come over, and stay with us a while this winter."

"You know, mother, she doesn't get along nicely with the boys," answered Hannah.

"Yes, I know, dear; but it seems the best we can do. She will help me with the work. Your aunt's letter must be answered to-morrow. I shall miss you very much; but might get along if it were not for Kitty. I do not know what the child will do without you."

"Have you told her?" asked Hannah.

"No, I thought you could do it better than I, she loves you so much."

"I know she does, and one of the reasons I want to go and learn all I can is, I can teach her afterwards," replied Hannah.

"My dear child, Kitty will never live to need very much teaching, I am afraid. The doctor tells me she will never be strong or well, and possibly will not live through the coming year."

Her mother had no idea of hurting Hannah by her words, but they went through her like a dart.

The clouds had broken away by this time, and as so often happens after a storm, everything looks fresh and beautiful outside, because nature has been giving the landscape a bath and dressing it up in clean clothes.

"Can I go over to the store for you, this morning, mother?" she asked. She felt as if she must get somewhere out of the house.

"I wish you would, Hannah, and you can come 'round by Aunt Susan's and know before you get home whether she will come here this winter while you are away."

Her mother had taken it for granted then she was to go from home.

Hannah took very little time to dress, or "fix up," as the boys would say. She wanted to get away by herself, and think; and, as she expressed it, "have it all out with myself."

She knew what she wanted to do. Was she willing to do what was her duty, that seemed to be to stay at home and relieve her mother, especially of the care of little Kitty. She knew, too, she could not plead ignorance; for have we not been told if we "lack wisdom," and will "ask," it shall be given to us "liberally." And Hannah had felt the answer had come to her when her mother had spoken of the doctor's opinion of her little sister.

The errand at the store was soon attended to. She did not go 'round by Aunt Susan's, all she wanted was to hurry home, and tell them she did not intend going away—that winter, anyhow.

As she passed into the sitting room she heard her father saying:

"Old Susan's husband is in bed with the rheumatism, and it looks as if he would be there for six months. She doesn't think she will be able to come over here at all."

"That's one thing out of the way then," said Hannah, going into the room, and her face was so bright and happy that her mother looked astonished.

"Why, my dear, there is no one else I can think of."

"No, mother; but I am not going away this winter," and then she went on, hurriedly, "you will not need any one to come. I do not believe you could do without me. Anyhow I can not do without you all, and Kitty."

"Are you sure, Hannah, you will not regret it," said her father.

"Quite sure, father. I have asked the Lord to show me what I ought to do, and he has sent me an answer. I cannot show it to you, but I feel it in my heart. Will you write the letter to-night, thanking Aunty, but telling her I cannot come. O, I am so glad no one told Kitty!"

Mrs. Thurston felt as if a load had been lifted off her. The boys held a jubilee at the supper-table, when informed of Hannah's decision.

"Hannah, you're a diamond of the first water," was Tim's praise.

Hannah could not believe it possible she was the same person who that morning had been so low-spirited, because she could not see her way clearly to leave home.

But better than all, sweeter even than the caresses of her little sister, as she undressed and made her ready for the night, was a still, small voice, saying, in her heart, "He that loseth his life, for my sake, shall find it."

Our whole life may pass away without giving us an opportunity to do some great deed; but not a day, and, perhaps, not an hour passes, but brings an opportunity for us to do some unselfish act. To give up our will, and forget ourselves, to do the little things, everything, in fact, "as unto the Lord.—*Episcopal Recorder.*

A LIVELY BOOK.

The Bible is a book which has been refuted, demolished, overthrown, and exploded more times than any other book you ever heard of. Every little while somebody starts up and upsets this book; and it is like upsetting a solid cube of granite. It is just as big one way as the other; and when you have upset it it is right side up, and when you overturn it again it is right side up still. Every little while somebody blows up the Bible; but when it comes down it always lights on its feet, and runs faster than ever through the world. They overthrew the Bible a century ago, in Voltaire's time—entirely demolished the whole thing. In less than a hundred years, said Voltaire, Christianity will have been swept from existence, and will have passed into history. Infidelity ran riot through France, red-handed and impious. A century has passed away. Voltaire has "passed into history," and not very respectable history either; but his old printing-press, it is said, has since been used to print the Word of God; and the very house where he lived is packed with Bibles, a depot for the Geneva Bible Society. Thomas Paine demolished the Bible and finished it off finally; but after he had crawled despairingly into a drunkard's grave in 1809, the book took such a leap that since that time more than twenty times as many Bibles have been made and scattered through the world as ever were made before since the creation of man. Up to the year 1800, from four to six million copies of the Scriptures, in some thirty different languages, comprised all that had been produced since the world began. Eighty years later, in the year 1880, the *statistics of eighty different Bible societies* which are now in existence, with their unnumbered agencies and auxiliaries, report more than 165,000,000 Bibles, Testaments, and portions of Scripture, with 206 new translations, distributed by Bible societies alone since 1804; to say nothing of the unknown millions of Bibles and Testaments which have been issued and circulated by private publishers throughout the world. For a book that has been exploded so many times, this book still shows signs of considerable life.

I have heard of a man travelling around the country exploding this book, and showing up "the mistakes of Moses," at about 200 dollars a night. It is easy work to abuse Moses at 200 dollars a night, especially as Moses is dead, and cannot talk back. It would be worth something, after hearing the infidel on "the mistakes of Moses," to hear Moses on "the mistakes of the infidel." When Moses could talk back, he was rather a difficult man to deal with. Pharaoh tried it, and met with poor success. Jannes and Jambres withstood Moses, and it is said found a grave in the Red Sea. Korah, Dathan, and Abiram tried it, and went down so deep that they have not yet got back. But now Moses is dead, and it is easy to abuse him. It does not take a very brave beast to kick a dead lion.—*Dr. H. L. Hastings.*

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